

Leisure Moments of a Traveling Man

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1911



OLIVER ALLSTORM

LEISURE MOMENTS OF A TRAVELING MAN

By OLIVER ALLSTORM
AUTHOR OF
CHORDS FROM A STRANGE LYRE, ETC.

TEXAS

PUBLISHED BY
J. T. DUNCAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
LA GRANGE, TEXAS

PRICE, POSTPAID, \$1.15

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1911

TO THE BOARD FROM
GOVERNMENT OFFICE
MAY 8 1913

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I WOULD rather have ten men in the ordinary walks of life praise my little song, clip it from the files and preserve it, and at the same time have one critic condemn it, than have one critic praise it as a gem, laud it for its beauty, while ten men lay it aside because they do not understand it.

THE WAY THEY LAUGH IN TEXAS.

Oh, a joy is near
When a sound we hear
That tells of mirth exploding—
An abundant store
Of a jolly roar,
A glad heart that's unloading.
Then it's ha, ha, ha, and it's ho, ho, ho,
And a he, he, he, of laughter;
For the way is bright
When the laugh is right,
With a "wh-eeee" that follows after.

Oh, a frown takes wing
When the heart-bells ring
And send their echoes soaring;
And the sad souls rise
To the merry skies
When Glorydom is roaring.
Then it's ha, ha, ha, and it's ho, ho, ho,
And a he, he, he, of laughter;
Oh, the wave is sweet.
For it's so complete,
With its "wh-eeee" that follows after.

Oh, the skies are blue
Where the laugh is true.
And hills are green amazing;
And the crops all blaze
With a song of praise
While all our sheep are grazing.
Then it's ha, ha, ha, and it's ho, ho, ho,
And a he, he, he, of laughter;
Where under the sun
Is the roar outdone
With its "wh-eeee" that follows after?

Are you down and out
With a fear and doubt
That keeps your smile a-hiding?
Climb over the rail
To the endless trail
Where Texas winds are riding.
For it's ha, ha, ha, and it's ho, ho, ho,
And a he, he, he, of laughter.
God gave us a staff
To support our laugh,
It's the "wh-eeee" that follows after.

A DOLLAR AND A PENNY.

Once a great big silver dollar
In a great big boastful way,
Told a little copper penny
All his travels of a day.
Told him how he very seldom
Mingled with the poorer class;
How society caressed him
In their houses made of glass.

And he stroked his brow of silver
Like a monarch in his pride,
Like a vain, conceited woman
Out upon her auto ride.
"Why," he said, "you're but a penny,
And you never leave the town,
Even children spurn and snub you
When there's other coin aroun'."

Said the penny: "I salute you,
And admit you're standing high,
You have seen the things of beauty
Men have envied much to buy.
My sphere is among the lowly
Where the evening prayer is said,
Where the little ones are weeping
And the hungry cry for bread.

"I have helped, though just a little;
Helped to make you what you are;
I can make or I can break you,
Sure as pennies travel far;
Without me you would be nothing;
Why, you owe your life to me,
While I'm whole and independent.
And I'm certainly more free.

“You may visit lordly castles,
I have been there once or twice,
Though you think I never travel—
That I haven’t got the price.
Well, I’ve been where you go seldom—
That’s to church—I go by rule
And I’m seen where you were never—
Every week at Sunday school.”

THE BULL FIGHT.

Placid in the great arena,
Like a statue made of clay,
Close beside me sits a maiden
In the bull ring, light and gay,
And her hair falls like the shadows
Of a day that's near complete,
And her lips are set like rubies
In a face divinely sweet.

Now the bugle sound is calling,
Comes the cuaderilla brave,
Marching in their regal splendor—
See their flag in beauty wave!
And the picador, advancing
On a steed both blind and lame,
Drinks the glory of his calling,
Hears the shouting of his name.

They are off—the bull—be ready!
Plunge the pica—spear his hide!
Drive him off—the steed is falling!
See! the throng is horrified!
Done the deed; a thousand voices
Rise, and wave a thousand hands;
But the maiden, scarcely watching,
Seems adrift in fairy lands.

Is she tender, all in pity,
A spectator for the fad?
Just a frail, unwilling watcher,
With a heart too full and sad?
Half I wonder her remaining,
She so angel-like, and small,
Till I love her for the picture,
Sweet and loveliest of all.

Sounds the bugle; comes another
Bull to fill the torture den;
Sure to fall, a martyr dying,
Just to please the eyes of men;
Torture, spear, torment and gore him,
Toreros, cuaderilla sweep—
With your red manteletas waving,
Plunge your banderilla deep.

Mozos stand; the bull is weary;
Odds outweigh, he hangs his head.
Too confused to battle longer,
All he sees is red, just red.
Then the matador, advancing,
Like a snake with lightning dart,
Cuts the thread that we call living,
Runs his sword straight to the heart.

Cheer on cheer! sombreros waving!
'Twas a master stroke indeed,
Wild delight! Confusion clamors,
Bulls were only made to bleed.
"Little one," I then addressed her,
But the bugle caught her ears;
And a fire, expectant burning,
Lit her eyes too gay for tears.

Is she human, now I question,
As another bull appears;
Bleeding, raving, snorting, tearing
Loosing fury pent for years.
Hell will soon return the torture;
Dumb he speaks with neck and horn,
In a language full of battle,
With the eyes of flaming scorn.

Hold, proud picador! be watchful!
Grace with care, your daring deed!

Turn about! Too late; he's goring
In the belly of your steed!
Deep the prongs have run and guttered,
Tearing flesh and spilling blood.
God! Good God! the maid is clapping,
Laughing at the crimson flood.

Had a dove changed to a buzzard,
Wild to tear a wounded bird?
Had an angel changed to devil,
Through the blood my eyes had blurred?
All my soul cried out in anguish,
For her beauty all had fled.
And where once a lily blossomed
Sat a monster—fiend instead.

See! the horns with blood are dripping,
Maid of hades, there's delight!
Blood alone could bring the blushes
To your cheeks so strangely white.
Late I loved you and adored you;
Now I loathe you and despise.
If a look alone could strangle
I would slay you with my eyes.

Once I thought that beauty sheltered
Ev'ry impulse pity knew;
Once I thought that even mercy
Was divine in eyes of blue.
Now; ah, wave your red manteleta!
Flaunt its flame before my face!
Teach me that no gentle spirit
Ever comes within this place.

Teach me; I am wild with frenzy;
Wild with laughter and delight;
Wild with music; wild with slaughter;
Wild with rapture in the fight.

Where within this sea of pleasure
Is there room for pity's whim?
Glory is at stake—shall mercy,
Tears of mercy, make it dim?

No, I hear the mocking voices,
And the maiden answers, No!
Seems a specter—all this daring!
There's a thrill in every blow!
Picador, ride hard and bravely,
Blood has made my being glad;
'Twould be treason to be tender
When my devil heart is mad.

Twilight falls and shadows gather;
Steed and bull find rest at last.
Their poor limbs have stretched forever,
And the gay crowd dwindles fast.
Still I linger like a dreamer,
Waked from some narcotic spell.
Glad remorse and shame have found me.
Adios! Oh, game of hell.

Jaurez, Mexico.

ON THE STREETS OF THE CITY.

I stood upon the thoroughfare and heard the "Army"
sing,
And my thoughts went back to mother like a bird
upon the wing.
I could see her in the moonlight there reclining in
her chair,
As I heard the "Army" singing, "My name in moth-
er's prayer."

I could see her bending sweetly o'er the pillow where
I lay,
For she seemed so much an angel when she taught
me how to pray.
I could feel her lips still burning as she kissed me for
the night,
Saying God would keep her darling, when she took
away the light.

Years have passed and I have wandered like the sheep
that go astray,
Still I often think of mother and the old home far
away;
And I almost feel forsaken when I see a stranger
frown,
But the "Army" sings, "Speak kindly to a man when
he is down."

And they sing the old songs over that I once could
sing with joy—
"Jesus like a shepherd leads us," and "Where is my
wand'ring boy?"—
Till I wonder if there's mercy, hope for me if I could
dare
Just to kneel with them a moment in "the blessed
hour of prayer."

I am often heavy laden, weary of the empty strife,
Till I feel that I am driftwood on the surging waves
of life;

And perhaps there's truth in singing that "the half
was never told,"

For the "Army" seems so certain of "Those sunset
gates of gold."

Even if I never glory in the presence of the King,
Let me steal a little closer to the "Army" when
they sing;

For their songs bring dreams of mother and the
things she taught to me

When my life was full of sunshine, and my altar was
her knee.

Let me steal a little closer to the promise that I gave
When in tenderness we bore her to the churchyard
and the grave;

For if all her prayers are answered, God of heaven,
I must know.

"Though my sins may be as scarlet, I shall be as
white as snow."

THE PESSIMIST.

Does it pay?

I've asked it with the break of day.

Does it pay to battle for the right?

Does it pay to labor with your might?

Does it pay to keep your garments white?

Ah, does it pay?

Does it pay?

I've sometimes heard a brother say.

Does it pay to trust the friends we make?

Does it pay to give and not to take?

Does it pay to live for another's sake?

Ah, does it pay?

Does it pay?

I've asked it on life's rugged way.

Does it pay to smile on the stormy main?

Does it pay to try and to try again?

Does it pay to pray when it looks in vain?

Ah, does it pay?

Does it pay?

I've asked it of the lifeless clay.

Does it pay to finish the work begun?

Does it pay to strive till the goal is won?

Does it pay to live when the day is gone?

Ah, does it pay?

Does it pay?

Ah, where is the soul that dares say nay?

Does it pay? (this song is a common craze).

Does it pay on earth or beyond the maze?

Does it pay to know if anything pays—

Ah, does it pay?

THE SCARECROW.

A scarecrow stood in an open field,
And he scared all the crows away;
They would flit and fly so closely by
But would never alight and stay.
And some were quite mean, and hungry and
lean,
For the desert beyond was wide;
But here where the wheat and the corn were
sweet
Was the big scarecrow beside.

So the crows just flew, as crows will do,
And starved in the fear of his reach;
For the faintest gust that shook the dust
Sent them all away with a screech.
And the wheat and the corn just laughed with
scorn
At the birds that rather would die
Than brave the old ghost on the hickory post
When the winds were sweeping by.

How often in life we shun the strife
For the coveted prize we seek;
We shrink as from harm at each alarm,
And we fear when the way looks bleak,
While if we did right, and sought with our
might
Why failures so often surprise,
We'd find all the mess that hinders success
Is a scarecrow in disguise

Be not like a crow, should an ill wind blow,
Or a phantom of trouble appear:
Just press to the goal though signals toll
That danger is hovering near.

Would you win, then dare, count worry and
care

As specters that stand as your foe,
And the road will be clear, if you count ev'ry
fear

As only an old scarecrow.

JUST A MOSQUITO.

There's not a meaner thing alive
 Beneath the welkin blue
Than a wild-west giant mosquito
 Out for a drink or two.
His bold attack is fierce and strong,
 His temper's fiery red,
His feet have claws both sharp and long.
 And horns are on his head;
His eyes are like an X-ray wheel
 That see through walls of stone.
His teeth are made of armor steel
 And reach down to the bone.

No anguish is more great on earth.
 No torment worse in hell,
Than these winged demons 'round the hearth
 Of each first-class hotel.
You lie in bed imbued with hate.
 A towel in either hand.
Determined to annihilate
 The whole mosquito band.
The "lotion" bought to kill them all
 To them is sweet perfume;
No odor can divert their gall
 Or drive them from your room.

In joy they move and buzz and sing
 All through the torrid night;
The myriad swarms that prick and sting,
 With a supreme delight.
You rave and tear and damn and swear
 And groan (it makes them glad);
You sweat and pull your shaggy hair
 Like one who's going mad.

You feel the blood upon your face
Of those sweet songsters slain;
Then all exhausted say your grace
And try to sleep again.

But lo—the charge is just begun—
A legion now appears;
The cru'l, persistent, vicious gun.
Again unnerves your ears.
They win the fight. Ah, such is fate!
The clock is striking five.
All night you've been mosquito bait—
Thank God, you're still alive.
O that some power could slay and glean
This pestilence that vexes.
From off the hills God made so green
Away down South in Texas.

THE RANCHMAN AND THE STRANGER.

The Ranchman sighed. "See yonder oxen-freight
Wind slowly o'er the plains; they come like fate
To fence the trackless waste of freedom's soil,
To turn the grass, to till, to sow and toil:
They come like vultures feeding on my plains.
My plains that know me, dear old rolling plains;
My plains, eternal plains, boundless and free,
Wild and as tame as I wish them to be.

"See how they stretch afar, just as they should,
Feeding a mighty herd—just as God would,
There's scarce a structure here, breaking the view;
Only the skies so deep, tender and blue.
When first I tarried here, years, years ago,
Here roamed the wild coyote, here the buffalo;
Bears here were plentiful, game was a pest,
But life was like a dream—out in the West.

"Stranger, these grassy hills all know my voice;
No echo comes but mine, mine is their choice;
My broncho here and me, swift as a bird,
Had times together—times you've never heard,
Lasso, and just a gun—where is such sport,
Like's found on the range of the endless sort?
But times have changed now, the caravan train
Has worn a deep road right over the plain;

"And still they are coming, an army and one,
Tearing the roots from the trees I have won;
Trees that are mine, man, by right of my love!
By heaven, I swear—by the stars above!
They are turning grass for hope of the seed,
And plow and plant with a desperate greed.
I have watched them long, and I groan within,
As the stakes are set by the ones who win.

“There is no West now, for the range is split,
And the camp fire’s low, and the lamps are lit.
An acre or two gives to many their bread,
But a million for me or my soul is dead.
Stranger, it’s hard to be fenced like a beast,
To know that the West will be like the East.
With numberless people crowding for room,
To know that sweet nature is robbed of its bloom:

“It’s hard, O, it’s hard, I’ll never grow tame,
But long for the wilds I knew when I came.
I reckon, somewhere, over mountain and sea,
A range still unfenced is now waiting for me;
A range where my broncho, with me on his back,
May ride in the solitude, leaving no track,
Riding at random and wishing no guide,
Just charging alone on the Great Divide.”

The stranger smiled, and answered with a voice
That echoed from the East, Rejoice! Rejoice!
A million tongues seemed breaking from his throat—
“Ranchman and friend, I love these hills remote;
But love far more my brothers who are pent
In narrow rooms, foul with a musty scent,
Who languish in dense aisles, where breeds disease
And germs abound. Ah, yes, I love your breeze;

“I love your rolling plains, and soft blue skies;
But love far more, the tender babe that lies,
Within its little crib—whose pure sweet breath
Inhales the city smoke—the seeds of death.
I love each blade of grass, each flow’r that grows;
Would love them more, if ev’ry wind that blows
Could kiss the one who never knew delight
Found on the hills so fragrant and so white.

“I would enjoy them more, if ev’ry child
Could share my joy, could romp, as free and wild.

Just now, as we two may. God never meant
That you should lord the range where Nature spent
Its most delightful hour. Think of the mass,
Who scarcely ever see a blade of grass;
Think of the multitudes that crowd for room,
Who never saw a bluebell when in bloom,

“Who never felt the south wind’s tender kiss
And never dream there is a world like this,
Who only know the space in which they roam
And call four walls, some smoke, and soot their home:
Who only see a nation’s bustling mart
And feel its curses pressing ’gainst the heart.
No, Ranchman, no, the West is great and wide
And still has room for them, and you beside.

“Welcome them in—these acres here alone
Are worthless, save that they are all your own.
Aye, call the weary in, help men to know,
Here is a paradise where hope may grow,
Where heaven may be found in boundless space
Right here on earth, right here upon your place,
Within the range you love, and gold will rise
From ev’ry grain of sand before your eyes.

“Then for your sake, I hope, and trust, and pray.
Somewhere beyond the realm of night and day
A range unfenced is spread, all fresh and green.
Where spirit footprints never yet were seen:
Where even echoes die, beyond God’s trail,
Where spirit-wings turn back, and droop and fail—
There in that wilderness, so deep and wide;
May distance mock your dreams, till you are
satisfied.”

WILD OATS.

Sow your wild oats, my boy, and plow the furrows deep,

But bear in mind "whate'er you sow, that shall you also reap."

One crop never is enough, so plant a little grain,
And you may have a reaping chance in case it should not rain.

Sow your wild oats, my boy, for they were made to grow;

They help to make a larger crop when winds of Autumn blow.

One crop never is enough to keep the wolf away,
So work the rust from off the hoe, and keep on making hay.

Sow your wild oats, my boy, when you are off the farm,

A little more experience can scarcely do you harm.

One joy never is enough, for knowledge still is sweet;
What wrong you learn, may keep you right, and steer you from defeat.

Sow your wild oats, my boy, if you can stand the test.

'Twill teach you to appreciate the narrow path is best.

One tear never is enough to save the soul that cries:
It takes a sinner's contrite heart to hope for Paradise.

THE DAUGHTER.

Thou'rt but a grain of human sand,
Borne on the ship called Earth. The ocean 'round
Of ether hath no port nor harbor save
The darkness of her past, and that before.
We come like meteors; a flash, a spark,
And lethe fills our place. From whence we come
We know not, neither whither do we go.
Time here seems long; but, measured by all time,
A drop as from a cloud into the sea,
The space between for airy joyfulness;
A dewdrop kissed and rising to the sun,
With hope alive, but, blushing, disappears.

We come as strangers to the walks of life;
A moment meet, and then oblivion;
A moment light of foot, a dance for joy,
A sound for mirth, then through the exit pass.
A moment striving here, a tear, a sob,
And footfalls sounding low upon the floor,
The journey must be made, and why be made?
Consulted not, forth issued into life,
Forced through the active aisle, the body bends
Like a dark cloud afloat in empty skies;
The body yields, and Nature laughs aloud.
So much for bones that wind may sweep away.

We come as pilgrims, voyagers at sea,
Adrift and nowhere bound, save for the soul—
The soul, our anchor to a hope divine.
Whether the bar be true, or myth, or song;
Whether there be a life in the beyond;
Whether or no the hope is sweet the while
And giveth balm. Wildly the storm may blow,
And penury may gnaw the naked bone;
Friends may desert and foes may bitter me;

Sorrow may triumph on, sun may grow dim;
Life may be death to live; but hope in death,
Door to all happiness, faith, peace sublime,
Kisses the eyelids when man falls asleep.

We come, and you have come to me, my child,
As welcome as the breath my life holds dear.
I owe you much, and you owe naught to me;
I owe you means by which your tender soul
May bask in sunlight of a wider sphere
Than I have known. Live, then, your little day
As if each evening's close might be the last.
The journey is not long; take, then, my hand,
And give me love, for all I ask is love;
More would I give if it were possible.
Work is a blessing, child, and prayer is sweet;
Life is a great success where these two meet.

THE GOSSIP.

She speaks, and yet says nothing; that's the way
Miss Gossip finds her joys from day to day.
To thwart good will and vex all harmony
Is her delight. No song in euphony
Comes from her lips, for discord is her theme,
Though quite magniloquent her words do seem.

No doubt you all have met her, so concerned
And so precise; some story newly learned
Soon fills your ears; her interest is great,
No learned sage could such a tale relate.
Her speech, all magnified, assumes a tone
Of sympathy, though truly not her own.
Her one delight is just to carry tales;
To harp on trifling things. The social scales
Needs must admit this driv'ler, or perchance
Their indolence might kill their eloquence.

'Tis sad, that where vast wealth may find a feast
Such empty heads are found, to name the least
Of all their sins. They welcome gossip's shell
As some fair bride would hear her wedding bell;
Or as some pilgrim lost, whose silent ears
Yearn some familiar sound, such their desire.
One well might think, among the common herd
And not in fashion's throng, the gossip's word
Would feed the flame, since there we look for store
Of better things, but, no, they talk the more.

O, giddy head, O, twaddling, gabbling tongue,
Have you no nobler song that may be sung?
Are there no wounds to heal, no hearts to cheer,
That you should gad about from ear to ear?
Pray for some sweeter task—for silent night,
For busy hands that earn a restful night.

Learn from the past how "peace hath victory;"
How milder winds can calm a raging sea.
Seal then thy lips, O Gossip, be discreet;
Contentment's found where work and silence meet.

MY OWN NEIGHBORHOOD.

When I am out at night alone
On some outlying street,
Strange fancies seem to come to me
Of forms I fear to meet;
I grope my way with cautious step
As ev'ry alien should.
For somehow, I don't feel as safe,
As in my neighborhood.

Although the street on which I live
Is very dark and long,
And shadows seem to move about
As if to do some wrong;
I feel quite safe, for every house
Just seems to do me good;
They stand like guardian-sentinels
In my own neighborhood.

No matter where on earth I go,
No matter where I be,
I'm always kind of timid-like
Suspecting things I see;
But place me with familiar scenes,
Where long our cottage stood,
And I will brave the darkest night,
In my own neighborhood.

LITTLE SISTER.

We've been waiting, little sister, ever since you went
away,
Waiting for your steps familiar and your laughter
sweet and gay.
We've been waiting, I and mother, through each long
and dreary night,
Waiting here beside the window where the lamp is
burning bright.

We've been watchful; not a cricket moves the silence
so intense;
But our hearts, aroused, grow eager, fearful in the
cru'l suspense;
Not a thing that moves escapes us, and, though all
the world's asleep,
We are sentinels together, watching as we pray and
weep.

We've been hopeful, not believing that you left us
here alone
So abruptly without sighing that the fault was not
your own,
Leaning on another's promise. Could we question,
could we blame,
When our hearts cry out in anguish that we love you
just the same?

We've been waiting, little sister, mindful of the golden
past,
When your laugh was like the music of a song too
sweet to last.
I remember how you nursed me while upon my bed
of pain,
And I long to feel your fingers on my forehead once
again.

We've been longing, little sister, for the songs you
used to sing,
For the sunshine of your presence and the cheer that
you could bring.
We've been sitting here so silent as we view your
vacant chair,
And the bureau with the mirror, where you stood to
comb your hair.

We've been weeping, little sister, tears that think of
shame and sin,
For life's pitfalls are so many—God, if you should
stumble in!
Who is there that's safe from falling, that our hearts
should be at rest
When we know not if you're homeless when the sun
sinks in the west?

We've been waiting, little sister, with a welcome that
shall burn
Till the light of love shall find you and your tired
feet return.
What though all your dreams are shattered? Sin and
shame shall not divide
Those of us within the shelter from the weary one
outside.

SUCH STUFF AS LOVE.

Mabel's husband, he is manly
Strong and brave as man can be;
Loves his wife unto distraction,
Gives her quite a handsome fee;
He's gentle to her wish and fancy,
Watchful o'er her every whim.
But she scarcely knows her blessing,
Hardly cares to notice him.
Mabel's husband gives her pleasure,
Ease and comfort, without care;
Costly gowns that make her foolish
On the great wide thoroughfare;
Vain, conceited, just the model
For the fashion's latest craze.
But her soul is dead like ashes
To her husband's love and praise;
Still he loves her, and adores her,
Worships blindly at her shrine;
Drinks the nectar, which is water.
Though he sweetly thinks it wine:
This is just such stuff as love is.
Life is just such stuff as love.

Phoebe's husband, he is shiftless,

Worthless to a marked degree:

Drinks till drunk of blended liquor;

Sober, never cares to be;

Vile and filthy, loose in morals.

Both profane and foul of speech;

Never toils to earn a penny,

Though the job is in his reach.

Cru' l at times, he strikes her often.

Strikes her full a coward's blow;

Often draws the blood that loves him,

Many scars can Phoebe show;

Phoebe still clings sweetly to him,

Toils and labors for his bread

While he loafs, she plies the needle

Till her eyes grow dim and red;

Still she loves him, hoping, praying,

Looking forward to the years

When his love again will blossom.

Watered by her many tears,

This is just such stuff as love is;

Life is just such stuff as love.

A DREAM OF OTHER DAYS.

Lo, after all these years,
Lo, after all these tears,
Still I dream on.
Not while the day is bright,
But in the darkest night,
Hid from the sun.

While all but life is dead
And dreams are life instead,
Which once was real.
Last night you came to me
As if my eyes could see
And hands could feel.

You came as in the past
With arms that clung as fast
Over my neck,
Just as you did of yore,
Only you kissed me more,
As from a wreck.

Absence may heal the heart,
Some say it doth impart
Balm to the wound.
If so, why must I yearn—
Longing for your return
On airy ground?

Are dreams akin to life,
Part of its joy and strife,
Living the truth;
Calling from out its tomb
Mistakes that merit doom
Of careless youth?

Once you were like a flower,
Joy of a fleeting hour,
Unto my soul.
Heaven could not have told
In those sweet days of old
Of my true goal.

I would have cursed the god
Even that blessed the sod
Where I was born,
Had he but dared to say
You should be borne away,
From me be torn.

Now you're another's bride;
I have one by my side,
Faithful to me.
Thus did we drift apart.
Bodies, but not in heart
Was it to be?

Was it to be as now?
Dreams should cement the vow
Broken in twain.
Does life's most sacred chord
Sound on the broken board
In dreams again?

Tell me, when vespers fall,
And all our vigils call
Only for rest,
Do you, as I have done,
Think of another one
Who once was best?

ANOTHER ONE.

Since you have passed beyond the sun,
Somehow, two worlds seem quite undone,

One world of which I dream at night
Seems like a city filled with light.

The other world, how well I know,
Its cruel sting, its bitter woe.

We were as mingled drops of rain;
Storms crashed, and we were rent in twain.

Perhaps just now you wait for me,
With bark upon that shoreless sea:

Or still perchance you do not know
How often I have longed to go.

Our worlds are incomplete—unless
Your world has other lips to press.

Then only one—my world—is dark.
With missing oar and shattered bark.

I watch, I wait, I hope, I yearn,
With mad, sweet dreams for love's return.

And if love comes not once again
Then shall my days be spent in vain.

Shall sun and moon, and stars still shine,
And never more a heart be mine?

Shall daisies bloom, and zephyrs blow,
And all my days be filled with snow?

Shall lovers mock with love's refrain,
And I, I never love again?

If so, I would not live a day
Should love not come again my way.

Still, I would leave this world tonight
If I could join you in the Light.

Or could you come to me from There
I would not dream of one more fair.

I only long for one sweet face,
One heart to take your empty place.

Shall it be filled, ere I have done
With dreams of such Another One?

THE LEADING LADY.

Twilight is the hour for dreaming, and if half the
 moon is bright,
You can trace a little pathway both to sorrow and
 delight.
You may wander through a forest where the branch
 has felt the blast,
Where the leaves you crush will murmur, "There is
 nothing that will last."

And above this hallowed forest, where the skies are
 deep and wide,
I can see a mirage floating as a cloud beyond the tide;
And the fairest picture moving is of one I never knew.
But I know her hair is golden and I think her eyes are
 blue.

I can see her standing sweetly in a wonder-singing
 choir,
Just as when her living presence caught the flame of
 my desire;
And her voice that was like music from an instrument
 divine
Seems again to come a-stealing round this lonely heart
 of mine.

I can feel her eyes so kindly looking somewhere close
 to me,
Just as if the gates of heaven let ten thousand bless-
 ings free;
And the only sorrow sighing on the zephyrs, soft and
 low,
Is the thought that I am dreaming and that she may
 never know.

She may never know I'm dreaming, never know how
 I may drink
Unmolested at love's fountain here at memory's sweet
 brink;
I may kiss her lips and relish all the sweets as mine
 alone,
For I am my own Belasco, and the stage is all my own.

I am sculptor of my visions, and my characters obey;
I assign each role for acting, for I manage all the
 play;
And I make her leading lady, though perhaps my critics
 deem
There would be another story were it other than a
 dream.

Darkness falls as if a curtain fell from somewhere up
 on high,
And her image seems to vanish somewhere in the western
 sky,
Somewhere near the place we parted, where alone our
 glances met,
And I sigh: "Will she remember, or in sighs must I
 forget?"

SARAPHAL.

There is a harp whose tranquil string
Touched by the hand of one,
Can like the twilight zephyrs bring
Sweet peace when day is done ;
And there's a voice whose music sweet
Attends this harp of mine,
Whose notes outlive the echoes fleet—
And love, that voice is thine.

There is a brow whose temples form
The archway to the soul,
Can, like the sunbeams in a storm,
Make clouds of sorrow roll ;
And there's an eye whose azure hue
Affords me light divine,
Whose gaze is ever fond and true—
And, love, that eye is thine.

There is a form whose matchless grace
Might well adorn a queen,
Can, like the fairies, charm the place
Wherever it is seen ;
And there's a soul whose hopes arise
Above life's terrene brine,
Whose light has made my paradise—
And, love, that soul is thine.

A DRAMA.

(The Curtain Rises.)

The play was welcomed by a throng
That came to hear the lover's song.
I was there, and heard sweet wooing,
Such as some think, ends with rueing—
Others, death knows no undoing
Of such love divinely white.
Tenderly he kissed her, sighing,
Nothing to her soul denying
All her wants of life supplying,
Even to the portals bright,
Ay, unto the Gates of Light.

(The Curtain Falls.)

Our hotel was deep in slumber
Save these actors of our number
Man and wife, I heard them raving—
He, with curses misbehaving,
She, with jeers of anger, braving
Ev'ry cruel blow that fell
Madly I could hear him slamming
Her whose love lay but in shamming
And they both agreed in damning
One another down to Hell,
Ay, unto the depths of Hell.

THE BACHELOR.

Nothing to work for but silver and gold,
One roof to shelter me in from the cold,
One chair to cuddle in when shadows fall,
One little lowly cot, one, that is all.

No one to work for to sweeten the strife,
No little home to keep, no little wife,
No babe to run to me when day is done,
No one to welcome me under the sun.

No one to live for; the days drag along,
Life seems monotonous, void of all song.
Sadly I sit and dream old and alone,
Silent I envy those loving their own.

Nothing to work for. Ah, youth that is fled—
Love, that was mine to give lies with the dead.
I cherish naught of worth here among men,
Living the vain regret—"What might have
been."

A RED-HEADED BOY.

Only a red-headed boy, with freckles on his face,
And two bare feet of tan,
But the world must employ, and give him a place,
When he grows to be a man.

Only a child of the poor, just a slip of a lad,
A thing to jostle aside,
But his heart is as pure as his days are glad,
And the whole world is so wide.

Only a child of the street, but his future may lie
In the marts of wealth and fame,
And his two little feet may climb very high,
Till men shall exalt his name.

Only a red-headed boy, with freckles on his face,
But he has a place to fill.
He may some day employ and give you a place,
When you meet him over the hill.

THE CACKLING HEN.

It's the cackling hen that lays the egg;
To the farmer the cackle's a song;
No sweet-singing thrush that flies through the
brush
Detains him to listen so long.
"An egg in the nest"—that song is the best,
However discordant the lay;
So live, little hen, lay daily, and then
Just cackle your glory away.

The cackling hen; oh, the cackling hen,
Had a sister that posed as a belle;
And though she would lay an egg by the way,
She never would cackle and tell.
Her eggs, seldom found, decayed on the ground,
While she was out prancing in pride;
So the farmer got "red," and wrung off her
head,
And ordered that she should be fried.

The cackling hen; oh, the cackling hen,
Saw her sister lie cold in her shame;
She pitied her there, so young and so fair—
Still, who but herself was to blame?
That night on a limb she looked mighty prim,
And gazing out into the skies,
She felt doubly sure her life was secure,
Just as long as she'd advertise.

MAN, DOG AND LOAF OF BREAD.

Once a poor man, old and hungry,
Trudging through the storm and sleet,
Saw an old and rusty nickle
Lying there upon the street.
And he picked it up with gladness,
Dreaming of a banquet spread
That would feast him in the purchase
Of a needful loaf of bread.

And he hied him to the baker,
Where the cakes and buns are real,
Where the smell is so delicious
That it almost makes a meal.
There he stood a moment, sighing,
Hardly knowing how to buy,
But he got the joy he sought for,
Though 'twas but a loaf of rye.

And he hugged it to his bosom
Just as though 'twere made of gold—
And in truth 'twas more than lucre
To the starving man, and cold.
So his grateful hands were lifted
In a thankful prayer that fled
To the throne that's built in heaven,
But he dropped his loaf of bread.

Then a dog, a yellow mongrel
Starving with the low and base,
Stole the bread that Nature told him
Soon would fill the empty place;
And the old man, bent and feeble,
Wiped away a straggling tear,
As he saw his manna flying,
And his banquet disappear.

For a moment anger moved him ;
Wild he raved in blaming sin :
Then a smile crept like a sunbeam
O'er his features, wan and thin,
“Go, poor dog, you're welcome to it ;
I would not deny your mite ;
Though you've got the bread I'm craving.
Still I've got my appetite.”

THE WIDOW.

A widow lives next door to me,
Who is a social wonder;
She's forty-five, if twenty-three.
With love galore to squander.
She often calls me in to dine
And blushes in a flurry,
Lest I with great respect decline
With thanks—"I'm in a hurry."

Her name is Mrs. So-and-So,—
I'll not divulge the donor,—
For he is resting meek and low
While she refutes his honor.
"Well, be it as it be," one day,
She whispered soft and tender:
"Now, Mr. Sir, just call me May,
My maiden name, remember."

Much have I read, and still shall read,
Of widows fair and forty,
But never dreamed it was decreed
That one should ever court me.
Now, all ye men whose hearts are free,
Come look upon my sorrow;
For she has sworn to marry me,
And names the day tomorrow.

I'm but a child compared to her—
And children are exacting,
Already gossip is a-stir
Of how we have been acting.
'Tis true that I have held her hand
When with her in her carriage;
But what within the laws command
Has that to do with marriage?

I'm single, and I wish to be
Until I bear inspection
By someone suitable for me,
One void of all deception.
This widow offers land and gold,
And freedom born of leisure;
But she has not the price I hold,
Sweet youth, life's dearest treasure.

Now, all ye men who crave a mate
Of matchless mien and beauty,
I pray you help me from my fate—
It is your manly duty.
For now I feel in my heart's core
Unless this help you do me,
This widow living here next door
Is surely going to sue me.

WEDDING BELLS.

Do you hear those bells, O'Reily ?
List how sweet their melody ;
They repeat the tunes o' blessing,
Tunes that are so dear to me.

Do you know those bells, O'Reily,
Sound the same as long ago ?
Only now their notes sink deeper,
Somewhat like a song of woe.

For you know, don't ye, O'Reily,
How my heart long years ago,
With my Mary's was united
For the good priest made it so.

On that moonlight night, O'Reily,
As beside that bride o' mine,
These same bells rang out the story,
And my glory seemed divine.

And when now, just now, O'Reily,
As I hear those sweet bells ring,
They bring back the heart o' Mary
In her grave a-mouldering.

Wedding bells, sweet bells, O'Reily,
Lord, how sweet their melody !
Ringing out another's blessing
Opening a wound for me.

TO THE SENDER OF AN ANONYMOUS POST CARD.

I know not if your raiment's like
The one that I must wear;
I know not whether you must shave,
Or if your cheeks are fair;
I know not if we two have met
In business, or in pleasure;
But this I know, your little card
Shall always be a treasure.

I know not if you wear a rat,
Or if you are bald-headed;
I know not if you're lean or fat,
Divorced, or still unwedded;
I know not if you know my verse
Alternate falls in meter;
But this I know, your little card
Could scarcely strike me sweeter.

I know not if you must be taught,
Or if you are a teacher;
I only know by what you write
You are some living creature.
I know not, but I hope and pray
Your eyes are blue as heaven,
And that your hair is like the hue
Of sunbeams eastward driven.

I know not if you know at all
What some immortals think
Of those who fail to sign their name
When they are using ink.
Not so with me; I would not wake
From dreams with rapture laden;
Sweet little card, I'd hate to know
You came not from a maiden.

LOVE IS LIKE A TRUANT CHILD.

Love is like a truant child:
Absence only makes him wild;
Left alone, he takes to flying
Where the gentle flowers are dying,
Where their lonely souls are sighing
On the quiet summer breeze:
And he stoops with kisses raining
On their petals love he's feigning
They know not his wondrous training—
How to flatter and to please.

Love is like a truant child:
Fond remembrance makes him mild:
Though the lights of storm are flashing
And the rains in torrents dashing
And the winds with fury lashing.
He dares face the journey grim
Over hills and rivers roaring
Wet his wings, but bent on soaring
To the heart whose lips are pouring
Songs in praises just for him.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

“Thou art a bride, sweet flower.”
A dying soldier said,
Speaking to a golden rod
In its sunny bed.
Gentle winds caressed his brow,
And a dream of bliss—
Touched his burning lips the while
With a tender kiss.

“Thou art a bride, sweet flower,
To the flag I love.
Let me kiss you as I pass
To the realms above.
Ere the sun shall sink tonight
My soul shall be free;
And as they left no flag behind,
Sweet flower, I turn to thee.

“Thou art a bride, sweet flower,
Blushing maid of gold.
Tell my comrades when they come
All I should have told.
Thou the martial shroud shall be
For my wounded breast,
When they find me here at morn,
In eternal rest.”

TO A WITHERED MORNING-GLORY.

Rainbow of the morning light,
Wherefore shall I sue
For thy love, whose noonday bloom
Fades like wanton dew?
Hope may live while glory dies,
This is life's refrain.
Fear to fail not, gentle flower;
Thy seed shall remain.

Shadows of the setting sun,
Ashes nothing more.
Where is now the pomp of life,
Once you gayly bore?
Where the anthem of my soul
Sung at blush of morn?
Where, but on the raven's wing
From my bosom torn?

Then, good night, I too, must bend
Unto nature's law,
Man, beast, bird and flower akin
Hold her might in awe.
Past and present, what are they,
If the lark's sweet song
But arouse from slumber deep
Who have slept too long?

A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

“I’ve found a four-leaf clover,”
Said a little child.
Leaping, in her sweet surprise,
O’er the fields so wild.
“All the rest have only three,
I have seen them grow
White as daisies when in bloom,
Or like fallen snow.”

“I’ve found a four-leaf clover;
One, two, three and four,
Dainty little leaves so green,
Now I love you more.
You shall bring sweet luck to me
And my fears shall fly
Like the dew before the sun
On the hills so high.”

“I, too, have found a clover,
Sweet as in the past;
But the dream is not the same,
Nor is hope as fast,
Still, I pray thee, leap my child;
Joy like thine forsooth,
Is too precious to destroy
With a pang of truth.”

“HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT.”

“He loves me, he loves me not,”

Sang a little maid,
Blowing at a dandelion
In the summer shade.
Gentle winds caressed her brow,
Birds sang overhead,
And a busy bumblebee
Heard the words she said.

“He loves me, he loves me not—

Ah! still there are more.
Green’s the ivy on the tree,
Low’s the wave on shore.
Fly, ye white-winged fairs, fly,
I have three to blow.
Then upon the summer wind,
E’en my soul will go.”

“He loves me—the stem is bare,

Joy! he’s true to me!
Sweet’s the peace within my heart.
Calm’s the wave at sea,
Fly, yet white-winged fairs fly,
Out into the West.
Tell my sailor of your stem
Pinned upon my breast.”

TO A FORGET-ME-NOT.

Little blue Forget-Me-Not,
It is said of old
You could guide the love-lorn heart
Into Cupid's fold
Let thy legend then tonight
Still sustain its boast—
Gentle flower, go speak to her
That I love the most.

Little blue Forget-Me-Not,
Flower I love the best.
Let no great chrysanthemum
Chase you from her breast.
Find a place so near her heart
That each beat may know
You are some one in disguise:
Then go, floweret, go!

Little blue Forget-Me-Not,
If for woe or weal,
May the feast you give her eyes
All my soul reveal.
Go then, 'tis my heart's delight:
Go then, 'tis my prayer:
And may you find a resting place
In her golden hair.

A DAY IN JUNE.

Drowsy of an afternoon,
Lulled into a lazy swoon,
Halfway in the days of June—

 This is being tired.
With what shade an orange tree
Gives a gentle bird and me,
And a book that still must be
 Only half desired.

I would wake, but eyelids close,
Somewhat anxious for repose,
Nodding like a thirsty rose

 In a desert lonely.
Soft the winds just lull to sleep
Till I wander o'er the steep
Craggy hills and oceans deep
 Of a dream-world only.

Rock me till the sun is set;
Let my weary hands forget
There is that worth doing yet

 While the sun is shining;
Though my slumber must be brief,
Let it soothe awhile my grief,
Just as rain unto a leaf
 On a branch repining.

HEART WHOLE AND FANCY FREE.

There was a time before we met
When life to me was gay,
When I my sorrows could forget
In pleasure's transient way.
But that was ere my soul forbade
The vows you made to me,
And I was but a careless maid,
"Heart whole and fancy free."

Refrain—

Oh, for a day whose sun could set,
As in the golden past!
Oh, that we two had never met,
Since love could never last!
Once more I'd be a child again,
As when you first met me;
Fair as a sunbeam in the rain,
"Heart whole and fancy free."

Though I regret the promise true,
And you remember not,
My heart still fondly beats for you
Who care not for my lot.
The love I bore you lingers yet,
Though now I long to be
The maid I was before we met,
"Heart whole and fancy free."

PERHAPS.

Perhaps if wealth had crowned thee
 With jewels rich and rare.
Perhaps if robes of splendor
 Had graced thy form so fair,
Perhaps, O, just perhaps, dear,
 If I had come to woo;
You might have closed your lashes
 With an air of "who are you?"

Perhaps if maids had served thee
 With fruits and sparkling wine,
Perhaps if all the smart set
 Had dubbed you "sweet and fine,"
Perhaps, O, just perhaps, dear,
 If I had told of bliss,
You might have shook your ringlets
 And remarked, "why, what is this?"

Perhaps if fame had blessed thee
 With flatteries of style,
Perhaps if all the journals
 Had kept your name on file,
Perhaps, O, just perhaps, dear,
 Perhaps! Ah, well, I know
There's no perhaps about it:
 You'd 'a' had another beau.

WE HAVE NOT MET AS LOVERS MEET.

We have not met as lovers meet,
Though we have met as friends may do;
We have not sighed as low and sweet
As lovers are accustomed to;
Yet we have met and parted more
Than those who court the shady lane.
But now those happy days are o'er,
And we shall never meet again.

When first beneath the pensive moon
I saw you at your cottage door,
I thought that I'd forget you soon
And think perchance of you no more,
But time to me a light has shown
A gem I did not care to see,
A soul which, day by day, has grown,
More sweet and precious unto me.

So sweet, that now, I feel the smart
This parting to my soul has brought;
So dear, I fear the change of heart,
So dear, I loath the change of thought;
But still farewell, since we have met
And still farewell, since we must part
Too near fair Eden to forget—
Not near enough to break the heart.

MY LOVE FOR THEE.

My love for thee, is more than love ;
Breadth hath no bound, nor depth a base,
Nor height a canopy above :
My being breathes unending space.

In dreams I knew thee ere we met :
Now dreams are past and life is real.
No power can teach me to forget
The love I know, the touch I feel.

Love, smile, and all my sorrows flee ;
Weep, if you must, tears are divine.
No change of mood can harrow me ;
No virtue make thee more than mine.

Time was with me as it is now,
And ever will be but the same,
A laurel weaved to fit thy brow,
An endless song to praise thy name.

My love for thee, thy love for me,
Are wrought on God's great forge, as one
With wings plummed for eternity.
With lips to voice life's victory won.

THY LOVE FOR ME.

Thy devotion to me
Is like a mighty sea,
Whose waves caress the shore
And seem to ask no more.

Thy loyalty to me
Is like a mighty tree,
Whose leaves a shelter form
And house me from the storm.

Thy affection for me
Is like a honey bee,
Whose comb feeds when the rose
Has fallen to repose.

Thy love, thy love for me
Is like a boundless lea,
Whose harvest, rich and wide,
Supplies the world beside.

WHEN THE DREAM IS ENDED.

Though life gives me only dreams,
One sweet face to cheer me,
One familiar form that seems
So often to be near me.
I still am grateful, since the break
Can nevermore be mended;
But, O, the chaos in the wake
When the dream is ended.

Though life offers only dreams,
One caress to fold me,
One sweet face that always beams
With empty arms that hold me.
All that life offers, I accept,
Glad even shades are blended
With all that was, though I have wept
When the dream is ended.

Though life takes away but dreams,
All it takes is of me
Flesh and blood that moving seems
Clay to those who love me.
Though life takes the hopes and fears
In dreams I've comprehended,
The joy I know is worth the tears
When the dream is ended.

THE EXCEPTION.

Take her, piece by piece, mother,
Look! so small and slender,
Trembling at the lightest wind—
Who could be more tender?
Take her when the day is done,
On her knee thanksgiving;
Grateful for the rest begun,
From the strife in living.

Take her mind, so richly blest,
With dream music blending,
Thinking only what is best,
Ready for life's ending.
Take her heart's low, timid beat,
Not a note complaining.
Could a virgin be more sweet
In this world so staining?

Take her eyes so kind and pure. .
Tear bedimmed, yet dreaming;
Then ask why the stars endure
In their luster beaming.
Take her hands so small and white.
Tender deeds contriving,
Constant, from the morn till night,
For another striving.

Take her, mother, as thine own,
Her my hope assuring;
Coupled with thy heart alone,
Love shall be enduring.
Take her, mother, close to thee.
Look! so small and slender,
Smiling through a sea of tears—
Where is one more tender?

WHEN THIS DAY COMES AGAIN.

Oh, let us then be thankful
For the things just as they are ;
For the moon that shines in beauty,
For each twinkling little star ;
For the sun that shines so brightly,
For the clouds and for the rain :
For you and I may not be here
When this day comes again.

Oh, let us then be thankful
For the friends that love us best,
For the home that gives us shelter.
For the privilege of rest ;
For the food so sweet to relish,
For a body without pain ;
For you and I may be ailing
When this day comes again.

Oh, let us then be thankful
For the little things that pass :
For the water so refreshing,
For the trees and for the grass :
For the flowers that bloom around us,
For the birds and their refrain ;
For you and I may be weary
When this day comes again.

Oh, let us then be thankful
For a world so good and fair ;
For a God that gives us plenty,
For the good things everywhere :
For the hope in something better
After tears have been in vain :
For some time we shall not be here
When this day comes again.

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DEAR LOVE, I BELIEVE.

Dear love, I believe thee,
You shall not deceive me;
I know, though you leave me,
 You still will be true.
Ah, thus do you grieve me
And fondly bereave me,
Yet absence shall weave me
 A love song of you.

Deep seas shall divide us,
Vast mountains shall hide us.
But hope shall provide us
 In season's of care;
Through all God shall guide us.
And trust shall abide us,
So farewell—beside us—
 Our souls are at prayer.

MIDNIGHT TIDE.

When the clock has struck eleven,
With its ringing wild alarm,
Don't you wish that it were seven.
With her clinging to your arm?
But it is another story,
When your feet are cold, and wet—
Don't it make you mad, to hear her
Softly whisper, "Don't go yet."

When the clock strikes twelve so loudly,
That it fairly shakes your heart,
And you say in softest accents,
"It is really time to start."
But it is another story,
When your winsome pretty pet—
Puts her little arms around you,
Saying softly, "Don't go yet."

One the clock strikes, all is silent:
Not a mouse is there astir,
And she nods in peaceful slumber.
While you sit and look at her.
But it is another story
Of the sleep that you will get;
You must stay and hear her whisper,
"If you love me, don't go yet."

Time goes on, and two is striking.
Be more patient, lover dear.
There are many places for you,
But the dearest place is here.
Still there is another story;
You must never once forget,
There are some who have no sweetheart.
Who will whisper, "Don't go yet."

THE RICH MAN'S DREAM.

Stop, my fortune, stop!
You're growing too fast for me:
I can not count the heavy gold
That piles so rapidly.
At first, your ring was like the flow,
Of silver bells that chime;
But now each note is like the blow
The guilty feel for crime.

Stop, my fortune, stop!
My tables rock and reel
With milk and honey, fruit and wine—
All mine for every meal.
I see nine men with faces grim,
Starved for the want of bread;
Their shadows fall like phantoms dim
Across my table-spread.

Stop, my fortune, stop!
My bed is like a nest:
Its feathers from earth's paradise
Mock my unsleeping rest,
While nine men lie on earth's cold brink,
Fatigued and weary-worn,
I feel their breathing rise and sink
Like flames of fiery scorn.

Stop, my fortune, stop!
My wardrobe's kept with care;
Still, I but use one suit of clothes
While I have loads to spare.
I see nine men out in the street;
Their rags my frocks condemn;
Till I, too, feel the winds that beat
So merciless on them.

Stop, my fortune, stop!
Life's meter is working wrong :
I pay my doctor what would keep
A thousand well and strong.
While nine men have no means to bear
Help to the dying child,
Who haunts me with her choking stare
Till my black soul goes wild.

Stop, my fortune, stop !
I sink in muck of gold,
In lucre made of stocks and bonds
And flesh and blood untold.
I can not use what nine men crave
Out in that fearful throng,
Whose needs my guilty soul might save.
Could I my dream prolong.

SPEAK KINDLY OF THE ABSENT ONE.

Speak kindly of the absent one :
It is the wisest plan ;
There's virtue in a plain defense
Of almost every man.

Speak gently of the absent one ;
He can not self defend :
Such charity to others shown
Shall never want a friend.

Speak softly of the absent one.
As though his ears might hear :
For brave's the man who dares condemn
The absent one when near.

LONG AGO AND ONCE AGAIN.

Yes, I was once a sleeping babe.
 Locked in my mother's arms,
Locked in the fond embrace of love,
 And pure as angels far above,
And guiltless as the guiltless are—
 I was the household pet and star
 Long ago.

Would I were still that sleeping babe.
 Locked in that fort of love,
In slumber on that mother's breast,
 In the sweet untroubled rest,
Safe in the dearest place on earth,
 The throbbing bosom of my birth.
 Once again.

I WOULD REST ME IN THE LIGHT.

I would rest me in the light
Of the quiet west,
On the bosom of the night
In eternal rest.
There the morning's light is dead,
As my soul would be
Lost in crimson on the bed
Of eternity,

Not to wake in boundless bliss
Of the vast unknown,
But to rest beneath a kiss
In the grave alone.
Though that kiss cannot be thine,
Still thine was the last;
And its pressure still is mine
On my lips so fast.

Thus while mem'ry still is green.
And ere I forget,
Ere the cold light comes between
Or a shadow yet,
I would rest me in the light
Of the quiet west,
On the bosom of the night
In eternal rest.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

Say just what you have to say ;
Say your say, and say it.
Reason has no time for play ;
Arguments delay it.

Do just what you have to do ;
Do your do, and do it.
If there's aught that's dear to you.
Hurry and pursue it.

Go just where you have to go ;
Go your go, and go it.
Time is flying high and low,
Ne'er can you resow it.

Stand just where you have to stand ;
Stand your stand, and stand it.
Show the crowd your one demand
Is but to command it.

Keep just what you have to keep ;
Keep your keep, and keep it.
Let your vault be wide and deep,
Lest your folly leap it.

Give just what you have to give :
Give your give, and give it.
Boast not of the gift, but live
By the grace you give it.

Say, or do, or go, or stand :
Keep, or give, but be "It."
Always by your heart's command :
Do 'as best you see it.

GET RIGHT WITH GOD.

Get right with God, and all the world will shine
With light and love and all that is divine.
The brook will sing as in your childhood days,
And each small bird will carol for your praise;
The skies so deep their secrets will reveal,
And each lone star will tell your soul to kneel;
The sun will shine with radiant delight,
And the bright moon will court you through the
 night;
Nature will smile and heal the heart that's torn,
And you will thank your God that ever you were
 born.

Get right with God, and love will rise again
With all the wealth of rapture and of gain:
The friends long lost and those forsaken long
Will come again and linger with a song;
The hate you feel, the malice and the fear,
Like dew at dawn, will softly disappear:
Your smile so faint will spread like beams of light,
Till those who weep will think the world more bright.
Get right with God, and solace you dare give
To those who do not know how sweet it is to live.

VIOLETS.

Violet, sweet violet,
Love, I love you true ;
Green's the wood, I must forget
Treaded oft by you
Violets wild, wild before,
Painted from your eyes ;
Violets your spirit bore
Fresh from Paradise.

Did we dream as we do now ?
Hope and beauty fade.
Why, then, did I deck your brow
When my soul forbade ?
Love, you were a dream to me,
Life a flower in May,
More to my soul's destiny
Than the narrow way.

Violet, poor violet.
Child of tenderness,
Fonder hopes of life beset
Your dream of happiness.
Scarce I blame thy soul to rest.
Still, can you be gay,
With the red-blue on your breast.
Turning unto gray ?

FLOWERET OF BLUSHES.

Floweret of blushes,
Thou'rt bursting in bloom.
Teacher of thrushes
Thou'rt singing for whom?
Oh, whisper the beating
Thy heart is repeating
So pealfully,
Stealfully, over the scale.
Light over the gamut,
The echoes avail,
Avail for the dearest.
The loved and the nearest:
O floweret of blushes,
The river that rushes,
The brooklet that gushes,
Is singing of thee,
Is singing thy beauty,
Thy heart and thy duty:
I've heard it in slumber,
Ah, times without number.
Oh, shall it prove sombre,
Or sweet unto me?

Lily of whiteness,
Thou'rt blooming so fair;
Being of lightness
Thou'rt gardened with care.
Thy petals are sprouting—
No human is doubting,
So sweetfully,
Neatfully, scented and true,
That poachers are ready
To cite an ado,

To pluck thee, and claim thee,
To wear thee, and name thee.
O lily of whiteness,
The sun in its brightness,
The fairies of lightness,
Are guarding but thee;
And I from the thicket
Am warding the wicked,
That they in their madness,
May not cause you sadness.
O love, in your gladness,
Turn gently to me.

THE PENALTIES.

Thine is a patient love,
Enduring much for me,
Entreating, when I falter—
A tear's the penalty.

Thine is a changeless love,
Enduring change in me,
Yet steadfast as an anchor—
A sigh's the penalty.

Thine is a faithful love,
Enduring scorn in me,
Still as a fond forgiver—
A smile's the penalty.

Thine is a worthy love,
Enduring all in me,
Returning, good for evil—
A kiss's the penalty.

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.

Ring out the old, the old year still ring out !
Ring out its grief, its cares and woe ring out !
Ring out its gloom, its poverty and need,
Ring out its crime, its malice and its greed !
Ring out its barren paths that lead nowhere ;
Ring out its idle hours, so long and bare ;
Ring out its seas, so weary of the oar ;
Ring out its soil, that yields the bloom no more ;
Ring out its pain, its worries and its trials ;
Ring out its tears, but still prolong its smiles ;
Prolong its hopes ; prolong its happy days ;
Prolong its love ; prolong whatever pays.

Ring in the new, the new year still ring in !
Ring in its hopes, its light and love ring in !
Ring in its grace, its charity and youth ;
Ring in its faith, its earnestness and truth !
Ring in its untrod fields that stretch afar ;
Ring in its seeds that yearn to kiss a star ;
Ring in its seas so anxious for the sail ;
Ring in its hills that shelter every vale !
Ring in its God ! Ring loud, glad bells, ring in !
Ring in its Christ, who saves a world from sin !
Prolong your song, prolong celestial praise ;
Prolong your love ; prolong the life that pays !

THE SILVER TOMBIGBEE.

Up the silver Tombigbee
Southern winds had wafted me,
As the tide, my heart, was free,
 O, my fairy angel!
Lightly sailed by birch canoe
On the waters deep and blue,
Till your dream-boat came in view,
 O, my fairy angel!

Would the tide would turn again:
I might find the lost refrain.
For I dream of thee in vain,
 O, my fairy angel!
Lost is all the peace I knew.
Constant dreams revert to you.
Nothing can my hope renew,
 O, my fairy angel!

Up, up with the silver tide
To the source so deep and wide,
With a heart, but with no bride,
 O, my fairy angel!
There is still one balm for me,
That my mind may feast on thee
Through the long eternity.
 O, my fairy angel!

ABSENCE.

A melody of love-bells,
A soft refrain
From out of the silence
Cheers me again;

An anthem of gratitude,
Since mine thou art,
True in thy faithfulness,
Near or apart;

An ode of contenting trust,
A sonnet for thee,
Borne on the while between,
Love, you and me.

A hymn to the mighty space
Twixt us tonight,
Sung from thy soul to mine
Till we unite.

TWILIGHT DREAM.

Go to thy window at sunset
My love, when the day is low,
Go to thy window at sunset,
When the soft, sweet zephyrs blow.
And list to the west-wind songlet,
To the sound the angels know.

Look back to the wooded inland,
Where the last beams fade away,
Look back to the dreary inland,
Where the sky is tinged with gray.
And think of him in the low land,
Where the shadows darkly lay.

Join the sunbeam with the moon beam,
Let no shadow twixt them roll:
Join the day-dream with the night-dream,
In the annals of our scroll;
Let no thought beyond a love-dream
Intervene thy soul, my soul.

Look beyond the peaceful river.
O my life, my soul, my love!
Look beyond the quiet river,
Where the bright stars shine above,
And remember e'en thy lover
Knows what thou are dreaming of.

Watch the purple join the darkness
With the sinking of the sun;
Watch the west verge in the darkness
When the dying day is done,
With the brightness and the darkness
Of the heart that you have won.

Then when all the world is silent,
And the darkness steals the light,
Breathe a prayer that reaches heaven
To the glory of the night,
And in silence hold communion
With the love you deem is right.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

Look up! My pretty shepherd lass,
Forget the sheep now grazing.
Forget all things that come to pass,
And listen to my praising.
There's life within thy sparkling e'e—
Grace in thy queenly cover;
Thy charms both thrill, and envy me,
Lest thou shouldst have a lover.

There's music in the gentle stream,
The past storm's benediction;
Thy green hut is a palace dream
To me, love's sweet conviction.
Thy bleating lambs are guards divine,
Which round the sheepfolds hover.
Oh, would their ken alike were mine,
I'd be a happy lover.

' The gentle kiss o' summer's breath
Make me abhor my garret;
Oh, to return were worse than death,
My soul could never bear it.
So, shepherd o' the bonnie hills,
Make me thy fellow-drover;
I swear, by dells and woods and rills,
To be a constant lover.

AWAY, FOND HEART.

Away, fond heart, I hear the bell!
The shipman's cry, aye! aye!
One kiss, and then, dear love, farewell
Until our bridal day.

Away, fond ship, thy beaten deck
Bosoms my soul tonight,
May slumbers not upstir a wreck.
Or conscience know affright.

Away, fond sea, I turn to shore:
The bright waves speak to me;
Their whisperings bear my darling o'er
And safely back to me.

Away, fond world, I go to rest:
Do not disturb my dream,
But wake me when my heaving breast
Is wept on by Maream.

SHE IS LOST TO YOU, FOREVER.

She is lost to you, forever,
Lost as is the morning dew,
Kissed by sunbeams into vapor
Disappearing in the blue:
Lost as is a raindrop sinking
From its high and awful leap,
Mingling with the mighty waters
Of the dark and stormy deep.

Lost as is a scroll of value,
Doomed by fire's ruinous flame,
Falling to the earth in ashes
Leaving nothing but a name.
Lost as is the rose of summer,
Late'y withered on the wold,
Bending to the winds of autumn,
Dying on the barren cold.

Lost as is the breath of mortal,
Taking its eternal flight
From the day of joy and gladness
To the wilderness of night.
Lost, as is the voice's echo
Sounding 'gainst the endless sky.
Growing fainter in the distance,
Nevermore to make reply.

Lost! for she has wed another,
Lost! deep in another's care;
Heaven's seal stamps its approval;
Earth has witnessed them a pair.
Lost, fond lover, lost forever!
Sad thy heart may be, and true:
But all reason seems to whisper,
"She was never meant for you."

WE MAY NEVER MEET AGAIN.

Farewell, Aurelia dear, farewell!
Meet, ah shall we ever?
Time shall part us from all time
If there is a never,
Time shall meet us in a clime
If there is forever.

Here tonight in the belfry-tower,
Shall time strike forever?
Here tonight we part the hour—
Meet, ah shall we ever?
Time shall part us in a bower,
Rain, is there a never?

Tomorrow we shall beat the sun.
Aye, a day forever;
Time shall lay us gently down
In the mould'ring ever;
You, and I shall meet again,
Never? Oh, forever.

LOVE OF MY LOVE.

Love from above,
 A flame of fire;
Love of my love,
 My soul's desire;
Love for the star,
 A moth at sea;
Love, though afar,
 Longing for thee.

Love from below,
 A snowflake white;
Love, may I know
 You melt tonight?
Love for the sky,
 A drop of rain:
Love, may I fly
 To thee again?

Love from your soul,
 A breath divine;
Love to control
 A heart like mine;
Love for the love
 I give to thee;
Love from above
 That dwells in me.

ULTRA MUNDANE.

Twilight and sunset
And deeper shades for me
Shall keep me in the peaceful glade
Where I so long to be.
Sunset and shadows
And all that tends to make
The world as when you left it
I love them for your sake.

Zephyrs and mild-winds
And mournful sounds for me
Bring back the buried echoes
That warbled once in thee.
Calm seas, and white sails
Bedim my weary eye,
For, Love, you were an angel,
A ship just passing by.

Dead flowers and tresses,
All that remains of thee,
A faded scroll of treasured lore,
And Love's sweet memory.
Sunset and shadows
And love's own evening star
Make the world as when you left it.
So you can not tarry far.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

(A change of couples.)

I am not jealous of him, Love.
Though you allowed his hand
To press your own so tenderly,
Yet I can understand.

She is not jealous of you, Love.
Though that sweet smile he wore
Was imprudent for a stranger
Who loves another more.

But he is jealous of me, Love,
Though I was sorely tried,
For my heart the while was longing
To have you by my side.

And you are jealous of her, Love.
Though her bewitching eyes
Have only said, "to win them more
Is worth this sacrifice."

THE YOKE OF BURDENS.

Why do the tears come to my eyes
In thinking thus of thee, my love?
Thou art not yet in Paradise,
Though thou wert framed to dwell above.

Why do the fears rise in my heart?
Because I know thou art too fair
To launch from out thy place of rest
Into my sea of winding care.

Why do the years stretched out before
Seem less than what they ought to be?
Because I fear your heart the more
Will suffer, when I burden thee.

Why do the tears rebuke the smiles
That welcome thee e'en now as mine?
Because I fear some day the trials
That weigh on me shall all be thine.

WHY DOTH LOVE MOVE.

Why doth love move
The human breast,
That dares not make
Its passion known?
Long nights of wake,
Devoid of rest,
And days to live
And walk alone!
Why doth love move
A single heart,
That finds defeat
And solitude,
Yet suffers well
Though still apart,
O dream of life, not understood?

Why doth love move
The human breast,
That finds response
With eager breath,
And ready hands
To make him blest,
And footsteps made
E'en unto death?
Why doth love move
Two hearts as one,
Two lives to live
One attitude,
A changeless dream
Till time is run,
O truth of life, not understood?

HOW STRANGELY SAD I FEEL TONIGHT.

How strangely sad I feel tonight!
And, yet, I have no cause to be.
No sorrow storms my inward breast :
All that I know is harmony,
Save for the rest, save for the rest.

The rest? Forgive if here I fail ;
My beating heart scarce knows its own.
The rest? What can that remnant mean?
And who can know, least I alone,
What rolls between, what rolls between?

What rolls between, betwixt, aye, what?
Between that peace I do not know,
Between what was, and is to be
The rest of which I wonder so?
This conquers me, this conquers me.

And conquered, in the rock-bound cave,
Where hies the troubled soul from view,
In quiet, where the heart and soul
May wrestle with the combat through,
I mourn the whole, I mourn the whole.

Yet, baffled by the deeper cause,
As babes who trust the mother-breast.
I lay me down to slumbers light
And leave to Him who knows the rest
Wherefore my heart is sad tonight.

I KNOW THAT IT IS WRONG, THIS WISH.

I know that it is wrong, this wish,
But, oh, I do so long for sleep.
Now since all that to me is dear,
All that of life I held more deep,
Lies buried here, lies buried here.

I know the gay world still moves on,
But, oh, why must the weary one?
Yet weariness to me were bliss
If where thou art I could be won
Away from this, away from this.

I know the cold sod wraps thee now,
But, oh, why came the day so soon?
Why were it not as I could bear:
Thou here, or I within thy tomb,
As peaceful there, as peaceful there.

I know the day sometime shall come,
But, oh, 'tis now I long for rest.
'Tis now my heart-pulses implore;
They can not beat but from thy breast.
Yet shall no more, yet shall no more.

I know that it is wrong, this wish,
But, oh, can mortal-mind refrain?
Though well I know that thou art free,
Were it a sin to wish again
To be with thee, to be with thee?

LULLABY OF A DYING MOTHER.

Soft and low, soft and low,
Blow gently, blow, winds, blow.
Hush, my baby, all is right;
There will be no storm tonight—
 Blow, winds, softly, blow, winds, blow.

Soft and low, soft and low,
Blow gently, blow, winds, blow.
Ere my dying breath depart,
Rest thee closer to my heart—
 Blow, winds, softly, blow, winds, blow.

Soft and low, soft and low,
Blow gently, blow, winds, blow.
Baby's dearest place on earth
Is the bosom of its birth—
 Blow, winds, softly, blow, winds, blow.

Soft and low, soft and low,
Blow gently, blow, winds, blow.
Sweet, my babe, I weep for thee;
Storms shall soon enrage the sea—
 Blow, winds, softly, blow, winds, blow.

Soft and low, soft and low,
Blow gently, blow, winds, blow.
Though your day be dark or bright,
Kiss, my babe, we part tonight—
 Blow, winds, softly, blow, winds, blow.

O, TO BE PERFECTLY SURE.

O, to be perfectly sure,
To know that the day will return
When your blushes so tender and pure
Will again in ecstasy burn.
The assurance would rush me along
And lighten my heavy old grip,
And the knocks that I think are all wrong
Would be blessings along the whole trip.

O, to be perfectly sure,
To know beyond doubt that my prayer
Must be heard above cottage and moor.
By the Master who knoweth our care :
I would take to the road with a will—
Unmindful of where it might be—
If I knew it were possible still
To expect a sweet welcome from thee.

ON THE IROQUOIS THEATRE REOPENING.

Be it what time of day or eventide,
Amidst the busy throng my heart has sighed.
O Iroquois, for thee. I pass thy door
As one in dreams that shall awake no more.
Time doth erase some things, but here I stand,
As on that night, one grain of human sand
Swept on and on. I saw thy fallen lie
By hundreds 'round, heaped up like logs; thy cry
Of death was loud, and deep thine agony.
I pass thy door, and still in mem'ry see
The guileless babe, dead in its mother's arm.
The aged sire, and youth that feared no harm.
And maiden fair—all lying cold in death.
The sorrow's mine, and with each going breath
I still condemn—condemning, still forgive
Those all to blame, while they a life will live
Marked for disgrace and deep self-conscious pain.
The lesson learned has left a lasting stain
Time cannot blot. Our sole redemption lies
In thy closed doors, where decency decries
The morbid eye. O city, still our pride,
Shall this thy great reproach be brushed aside?
Shall fiends incarnate hold their jubilee
O'er charnel tombs in wild frivolity?
Shall e'en the laugh of hell make sport of tears.
And mimic-fools raise bedlam with their jeers
Amongst the groans that rend the very grave?
And shall burlesque here taunt the living brave
Who mourn their dead? Or shall some nobler cause
On that facade be stamped, where men may pause
With due respect? How shall the right be done?
How shall the race with infamy be run?
By means that keep support from its Red door.
And we, ourselves, there entering no more.

Chicago.

“WHISKEY, THAT’S ALL.”

All? Why, no, there’s a great deal more;
There’s an arm that’s weak and a head that’s sore;
There’s a home that is filled with grief and woe,
And a wife that’s felled with a savage blow.
All? Why, no, there’s a job that’s lost;
There’s an empty purse that can meet no cost;
There’s a watch to pawn and a chair to sell;
There’s money to borrow and a thirst to quell;
There’s an empty glass and a fight or two.
And a fine to pay for an eye that’s blue.
All? Why, no, there’s a demon’s curse;
There’s a child to kick and a wound to nurse;
There’s a home to break and a wife to scrub;
And the song of her life is rub, rub, rub;
There’s a free-lunch served in a sample-room.
And some chores to do with a rag or broom;
There’s the price to beg for a burning drink.
And a place to sleep where drunkards sink.
All? Why, no, there is half untold;
There’s a heart grown sick and limbs grown cold;
There’s a manhood gone and a substitute
That is half a fiend and half a brute;
There’s a place to rob and a man to kill;
There’s a prison-cell for a man to fill;
There’s conscience seared with wild remorse.
For the bright red drink has an awful course;
There’s a speedy trial, and a verdict read,
And a wife that weeps as the doom is said;
There’s a curse and a prayer, while the gallows fall;
And as for your whiskey, why, “that’s all.”

“LADIES’ ENTRANCE.”

“Ladies’ Entrance.” Ah, yes, you’ve all seen the sign.
It leads to the chamber of whiskey and wine;
It leads to the room with the little closed door
From which there’s no exit for purity more.
An hour for a song, and another for drink,
And some mother’s girl is beginning to sink.

“Ladies’ Entrance!” Of course ’tis the side door, too,
For shame never cared to be open to view.
They slip and they trip in their haste to get in,
Lest some one might see they are sporting with sin.
But once in the bulwark the virgin takes flight,
And the soul that was pure grows black as the night.
The shadows are falling; there’s no escort now
Save strangers that drink to the curl on her brow.
Home, mother and honor are lost in the whirl,
And the river of vice claims some mother’s girl.

“Ladies’ Entrance.” Ah, yes, now boldly they go
Through the little dark passage so bitter with woe.
Corrupt in their morals and deep in disgrace
They blush not to enter, nor falter a pace.
Half dead to life’s meaning, half dead to its care,
They drift through wild pleasure right into despair.

“Ladies’ Entrance.” To where? Ah, finish the sign!
Mark plainly the rest, to the end of the line;
To the serpent that charms, and passions that rave,
To torment that plunges one into the grave.
If dead lips could speak, and if live tongues would tell,
The sign would read on: “Ladies’ Entrance to Hell.”

“WORKINGMEN’S EXCHANGE.”

“Workmen’s Exchange.” The sign over the door
Of the foul smelling place shall attract me no more;
For down in my heart, while sober one day,
I figured out all I had bartered away,
And just what exchanges go over the bar
To make us poor drunkards as low as we are.
I found for a drink I had given my purse,
And for many a smile I was given a curse,
For the friends I brought in I was left all alone,
For the work I had done I was given a bone.
I got the bartender his job; as for mine?—
I lost it while drinking his whiskey and wine.

“Workmen’s Exchange!” Exchange? Ah, I thought,
What did I have for the stuff I had bought?
He’s a beer-palace prince, while I’m but a bum;
His home’s on the hill, and mine’s in the slum,
His wife knows the joys of a robin in May,
While mine drudges on through the wearisome day;
His child is well fed and quite rosy and sweet
While my starving Nellie has little to eat;
Ah, yes, we exchange—the best for the worst;
A kingdom of love for a slavery to thirst;
Sweet freedom for bondage and silver for dross;
A crown of success for life’s failure and loss.

I’ve figured it out it’s not money for drink
That crosses the bar when the red glasses clink
But it’s heaven for hell, and it’s not very strange
For the devil is boss at the “Workmen’s Exchange!”

A FAMOUS CITY.

“The beer that made Milwaukee famous.” fame
For which her noble sons would blush with shame,
If beer her legends told. Tear down the lie,
And rise, Milwaukee, rise and make reply.

Show your metropolis in light more fair,
Show where your handiwork few can compare,
Blot out the lying words, tear down the sign,
Lift up an emblem, your graces refine.

Show that all beer is beer, label or cork,
Ribbon or brand, beer is beer in New York;
Beer’s beer in a keg, and beer’s beer in a can,
No matter if made away off in Japan.

So tear down the sign, Milwaukee, your beer
Is as bad as the worst that causes a sneer,
It’s as bad as the worst that goes to the head,
And makes a man wish that he really were dead;

It’s as bad as the beer that’s taken the coin,
Which should have bought bread, and butter and
loin;
It’s as bad as the beer that causes a fight,
From a sot that is out on a drunk for the night.

Then rise, city rise, Milwaukee, your fame,
Should be found in the towers that cherish your name.
In the parks and the bay where your beauties
abound,
And your harbor as safe as ever was found;

And your men, who respond to charity’s call,
Are things that have made you most famous of all.
So tear down the maudlin, the frivolous lie,
That cheapens your worth and vexes the eye.
And raise up a banner the sober may cheer,
Milwaukee forever, but never for beer.

ZION CITY FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW.

I walked in dreams adown a filthy town
And there beheld much sin; I saw the frown
Of hate, the lip of scorn, and heard the flow
Of blasphemy; the atmosphere hung low,
Made dense by fumes of rum, and each saloon
Did merry make. I followed one wild tune
Into a gambler's den run open wide,
Where two police lay slumbering outside.
And there amidst a gorgeous scene there sat
Women in silk, jewel-bedecked and fat
From indolence; young men around them leered
In sottish glee; the place was such I feared
My safety there. Chips rang, and each device
Of hellish cheat drew like the loaded dice
Its tainted gold. I watched, for I was lost,
Weary of limb, a stranger, and the cost
Was but my time. I marveled, for I'd read
How fifty years ago, that here, instead,
Did virtue rule; rum houses were unknown;
Glory and peace and Christ were here alone.
The streets were tranquil then, and on this spot
A tabernacle stood; but now there's not
One church in all the town; a leader then
Proclaimed himself Elijah to all men.
He had a following, and, robed in white,
He built this town and walled it from the night.
His name I do not know, but could he rise
And view this little hell, methinks his eyes
Would moisten some, or surely his conceit
Mowed down by evidence would be less sweet.
Prophets have gone, and prophets still will come:
He went his way, and all his works are dumb:
So ends rapacity. The truly great
Build not on sand. No man can depurate
Society. Well done the work that guides

One soul from self; God's colony abides
In the beyond, but here, ah, erudition
Once falsely taught, brought this town to perdition.

O, BLASPHEMY.

O blasphemy, what vain impious wretch,
Through thee, with words polluted, hoped to stretch
His argument, but found that in the light,
Kind words have weight, and gentle words have
might!

THE LIAR.

Of all the sins contemptible that mar
The unknown tenor of a day that's far,
A lie, that shield through which the truth must pass,
Is far the worst. True, other crimes surpass
In fiendishness and cowardly deceit,
But none more harm ourselves. Delusion's cheat
In mockery returns, and truth laid bare
Fears to renew its faith lest in the snare
Of empty words it be betrayed again.
O guilty lips, hypocrisy thy bane;
O trembling hands, annihilating trust;
O shifting eyes, evading all the just;
What plagues of torment move your quiet rest
When in your chamber closed the heart is best!
How move the phantoms of remorse; how shame
Hangs low its head and loathes your very name!

O self-accused, murderer of confidence,
Thief of thine hope, where is thy recompense?
Glad days of credit gone, with debts unpaid
Further from paying now than when first made.
Small rivers lead to where the waters roar,
And ships that pass that way return no more.
So with the lie you give; white as the snow
Rolls on, and with each turn more large doth grow.
Till, hurled with mighty force, the mask is torn,
Truth's sunlight melts and shows the man of scorn.
Abject and vile he lies, or, groping low,
Dodges the friends that loved him long ago.
Shunning and shunned, a liar branded "lost."
Whose rating for service is less than cost.
Rave, judgments, then, this fool has no amends.
"One's life is ended here when honor ends."

Mr. Allstorm, in his speech before the Coca-Cola convention, held in Atlanta, Ga., last December, said in part:

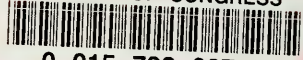
I believe I am in a position to know Texas as few other men know it. I have covered 10,000 miles of this empire without leaving its borders. From Gainesville to the north, bordering at Oklahoma, it will take you a day and a night of continuous travel to reach Brownsville on the Rio Grande, and the shores of old Mexico, the land of Manana, and bull fights. From Galveston, or Corpus Christi, on the Gulf, which lie to the east, it will take you a day and two nights to reach El Paso, the beautiful city at the base of the Rockies. If you were to attempt to encircle the state, it would take you some three days and three nights to complete your journey. Truly, this is an empire! We have 246 counties, many of them as large as some of the smaller of the Eastern states. There is nothing that grows that can not be raised in Texas. We supply one-fourth of the cotton of the world. We raise every kind of fruit, every kind of vegetable, and as soon as our railroads permit, we will be able to ship fruit to the Eastern markets six weeks in advance of California.

Great men come to our hunting grounds. There is William Jennings Bryan, for instance, and our own beloved Mr. Dobbs. Of course, I am always there. I can tell you where the deer is wont to roam, and the bear, and the wildcat. I have seen the coyote and the antelope. One trip of mine takes me 120 miles by automobile, from Torrence to Carlsbad, N. M., but the railroads have spoiled this trip for me. I now make the trip by rail. It's a shame. The ranches are passing away, towns are springing up everywhere. Texas is no longer a wilderness.

We have six great cities that have close on to 100,000 inhabitants each. We have a hundred or more towns of

between 5000 and 10,000 souls, and still we have room for more. Millions of acres lie waiting for the hoe and the plow. There are cities still to be built, dreams still to be realized. Are you tired of your native state? Come to Texas! Are you weary of the old familiar scenes? Come to Texas! Do you long for the endless plains, for the mountains and the rivers? Come to Texas! Do you long for friends, come where there are no strangers. Where every man is your friend, and every friend your brother. Texas is paradise regained. Our climate is unsurpassed in its delight. The soft winds from the Gulf at night sweep like a benediction over a hot and thirsty day. There is no winter there, only a discontented day just now and then. God made Texas as it is, that man might have a foretaste here of the glories that lie beyond the veil of this life.

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